IXHUATLAN, Mexico, Sept. 10 .- The discovery of the ruins of the ancient Otomite capital of Teayo, in the State of Vera Cruz. s month ago, is regarded by archeologists at an event of the first importance. The site of the city has been sought for three hundred years, and expedition after expedition had been sent into the table lands of Vera Cruz for the purpose of locating it but without success.

Yet, strange as it may seem, Teavo has never been without inhabitants. The Otomite Indians have never abandoned the seat of power of their ancestors, but their savage character has heretofore kept explorers from penetrating to their capital. Teayo was found unexpectedly. The discovery was made by a party of American or gineers sent out to prospect for minerals A friendly Otomite guide was enabled to take them to Teayo by representing them to be enemies of the Mexicans, which is a pasport to the favor of the Otomite Indians.

For fourteen days they travelled through mountains almost unknown even to Mexicans, at times finding it necessary, to use machetes to cut their way through the jungle. While the distance from Mexican centres was not great, the obstacles to

There were dangers from wild beasts to guard against, as the region abounds with tigers, lions and large serpents, such as the Cuatro narices, which the natives gravely assert attains a length of thirty feet and a girth of one foot, and, besides having the power to kill by constriction, is more venemous than the rattlesnake.

This party of Americans were the first representatives of modern civilization to enter the Otomite city of mystery. Those who composed the party were George Lowell Roberts, mining engineer; Herbert Gray, assayer; F. L. Von Roncan, coal expert; and Lawrence MacGregor, inter-

The most interesting of the ruins as yet encountered is the sacrificial tower, a pyramidal structure of quadrangular form. which rises to a height of sixty-five feet above the ground. The substructure extends forty feet below the soil.

the days of Otomite civilization rose much higher, terminating in a point at the top. If tradition is right, the original extreme altitude was approximately 200 feet, making it the most elevated structure of its kind built in Mexico.

According to tradition the structure in

There is no doubt that it was considerably more than 100 feet above the soil at one time, as is indicated by the great quantity of stones scattered about the country in its vicinity and evidently detached com it. At the level of the ground the orth and south sides have a width of 65 and the east and west sides, 75 feet. e width of the stairs on the east side is feet at the ground and 25 feet at the

The ancient Otomites, according to tradition, constructed a vast system of underground thoroughfares, abodes and vaults. The subterranean works have been compared with the Catacombs in magnitude and the Cretan Labyrinth in intricacy. The tower was said to be the key to

the system. Underground chambers with sculptured walls are numerous. Some of tons of victims of religious rites, of criminais, of Aztecs taken captive and executed and of Spaniards and Mexicans sacrifice! on the summit of the tower, by the Otomites of the last five hundred years.

If the traditions of the handful of savages who comprise the surviving remnant of the Otomite nation are true, the subterranean features of Teayo will prove of great interest. Thus, at a distance of seven miles from Ixhuatlan there is an opening in the side of a precipice which penetrates the seven miles of hills and mountains intervening between Teavo and the precipics and was constructed for the purpose of providing the Otomites, or at least the imperial family, with a means

of exit from the capital in case of danger. An attempt was made to investigate the tunnel many years ago by the Oto-mites, but water was encountered at a short distance from the entrance. A party is now being organized to make a second attempt to explore it.

Sculptures found in Teayo are said to show that the ancient Otomites were far in advance of the Aztecs and Mayas in art. The expressions of the human face as rep resented on stone by Aztec and Maya sculptors were primitive as compared with those wrought by the Otomites.

The foundation stones of the sacrificial tower, several of which have been brought to the surface, are notable examples of Otomite art.

One of the curiosities of Teayo is the tomb of Tlachimoc, the last emperor of the Otomites. This was constructed in the first decades of the sixteenth century, or at the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards under Cortez. Tlachimoc was the first of the rulers of the Otomites to be buried outside the ancient

The tomb is a strange combination of pagan and Christian idols and emblems. Upon the stone platform which serves as a cover for the tomb two sphinx-like figures stand like guards over the remains of the pagan ruler, while surmounting all stands a Christian cross of mahogany, erected in

recent years. The cross is imbedded in cement a foot thick. On top of it there has been nailed part of a weather vane, including the brase

arrow and the brass letters N and S, all rigidly held together. The arrow and letters were taken from the city hall of the Mexican city of Ix-

huatlan eight years ago when the Otomites captured it. Not knowing the real sigificance of the articles, the savages made the next best use of them that they could. At each corner of the paved area over the tomb stands a sculptured stone. One of

these stones is needle shaped and over eight feet high, having many allegorical figures, inscriptions and hieroglyphics. Another represents a prince, a third a wise man and the fourth a lady of high degree minus

So far there is nothing to indicate that the ancient Otomites were as lavish as the

Cleveland Went Fishing, Hanouck Remmed His Sleep, Butler Was Still Belligerent

does it feel to make a contest for the Presidency and then miss it-sometimes by the slenderest of margins? Only one of the candidates now before the people can

tasted of both the bitter and the sweet of politics. They have known what it was o go down in defeat, and they have also experienced the emotion of victory. This was the case with John Quincy Adams. Martin Van Buren, Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland.

is frequently followed by tragic consequences. Here it is accepted as a regular

It was Henry Clay who said that he would rather be right than President. His unsuccessful attempts to achieve his dearest am-

After his defeat by Andrew Jackson he felt very bitter and did not attempt to conceal his feelings. From that day until the hour of his death the possibility of reaching the Presidency at some time never entirely deserted him, and even after his defeat by Polk in 1844, he made a hard fight against Taylor in 1848-his last great political battle.

Those who follow the fortunes of Presidential candidates are sometimes consumed with greater energy and feeling than their chiefs. At the time that Jackson was chosen for the Presidency Mr. Scott, who was then the sole representative of Missouri in the lower house of Congress, elected to cast his vote for John Quincy Adams. Senator Benton, who was a violent partisan of Old Hickory, denounced the act of Mr. Scott as a grave crime, and in the course of a letter said to the offender:

"For nine years we have been closely connected in our political course. At length the connection is dissolved, and dissolved under circumstances which must mean our everlasting separation. To-morrow is th

Gen: Winfield Scott Hancock was one of the defeated Presidential candidates who accepted the result with great calmness. His wife reported that at 7 o'clock on the evening of the election he yielded to extreme weariness, after five months of hard campaigning, and went to bed, begging her not

wife, asked for the news. She steeled herself up to the ordeal, and said, as quietly as

"It has been a complete Waterloo for

again. The only disappointment he gave expression to was concerning the difference his defeat would make in the future to many of his friends. He attended the inauguration of his competitor, and, writing to a friend on the eve of his departure for the national capital, he said:

Yes, I am going to Washington on the 31 of March for a few days. Gen. Sherman, my commanding officer, has asked me to be present. I have no right to any personal feeling in the matter. It is clearly my

After some reference to other matters, he adds:

American people do it under the new census. Fifty millions of people have a way of their own, you know.

Very few men came nearer the Presidency without obtaining the coveted prize than Clay, that other idol of his party.

speech; but in spite of that outburst of oratory Hayes was the successful man. Before the decisive vote had been fully counted Blaine was writing a letter of con-Maine would give him as big a majority as it would have given himself.

the election, William Walter Phelps se him a telegram of condolence, ending with: "Are you fairly well?"

Blaine answered: "Never better in my

Writing to Mr. Phelps afterward, he said stake than I. They are likely to have

sisure for reflection. "If the country is lost it will be some satisfaction to realize that the class which permitted it to be sacrificed will feel the result most keenly. But I fear you will think me

"Personally I care less than my nearest friends would believe, but for the cause and my many friends I prefoundly deplore

Probably the most tragic episode in the history of Presidential elections was the candidacy of Horace Greeley, followed by the breaking down of his robust body and

Quite different was the effect of defeat upon Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who might be termed the free lance candidate for the Presidency. He appealed to the adherents of the Labor and Greenback party, and when the votes were counted and it was found that he had been followed by a very small minority, he was as cheerful and happy as it was possible for even a success

He insided at that time, and even up to the time of his death, that Mr. Cleveland was not legally elected. He contended that there were enough votes cast for him several times over in New York State to have prevented Mr. Cleveland's election, but that in many of the polling places they

"I intended to have an investigation made with the aid of John Kelly, who was then the Tammany boss, and who was

opposed to Mr. Cleveland, but after the oction Mr. Kelly took sick and remaine bedfast so long that I finally abandoned the idea of a contest.

No one ever knew just how Samuel J. Tilden felt over the result of the contest in 1876. He was a bachelor and quite reserved in his personal habits, and his inmos thoughts and feelings were known to very few men.

He was practically a recluse after the election and retired to his apartments and was extremely cautious in all that he said or did concerning the controversy of that

Gen. McClellan was a very much disappointed man when he learned of the results of his political campaign, but he was scarcely surprised at the result and had very little to say about it, even to his intimates.

Grover Cleveland received the announce ment of the result in 1888 with a stolidity of countenance that amazed where it did not irritate his friends. They had gone into the campaign in the belief that it was a sure thing; and when the returns of the election were received they sustained a shock from which they did not recover for

many days. But Cleveland himself received the returns with a calmness that would have made the Sphinx look like a nervous and irritable pile of rocks. Before dusk of the day when the result was known he was calmly arranging his plans for one of his favorite

fishing trips. This apparent indifference to results was also true of Benjamin Harrison, who thought that he would be elected in 1892. He had given a good administration and times were fairly prosperous, but in spite of that fact he went down in defeat. He took the result like a stole, and immediately began to make preparations for lecturing and for resuming his practice of

the law William Jennings Bryan, while not showng the coldness and indifference of Cleveland and Harrison, received the news of his two defeats with a calmness which was a proof of the self-control of the man. He heard the news of the result of his first campaign at his home in Lincoln, Neb., with a smiling countenance, and if he felt any chagrin he did not show it to those who surrounded him. His successful competitor on each occasion had not been fairly inaugurated before the champion of the silver forces was laying out the plans for the contest four years from that time.

ENTER AUTUMN SUDDENLY. Change of a Night in the Woodlands and

Suburban Fields. Autumn appeared hereabouts in the second week of September, and came like a thief in the night. Just when sanguine men were prophesying the coming of the real summer and were promising at least three weeks of warm weather a sudden chill not like that of cool July or August days, but unmistakably autumnal, came with a hint as of early frost.

Barelegged children in the parks and barefoot boys in suburban fields felt it, and had sudden drear premonitions of the fading year. Gardens still abundantly bearing took on the look that means early

Grape leaves thinned and curled, and grapes ripened rapidly in the September sunlight. Nature seemed in haste to close her account and have her full fruitage set down to her credit.

All through August suburban lawns and fields and woods had preserved a freshness as of early summer. Then suddenly, just on the edge of mid-September, came a change in the aspect of the woodlands. Hickories, the most sensitive vegetable barometers of the forest, had turned almost

a mustard brown. You could see at a glance that their work for the year was done. It was more than eyer plain also that the kory nuts were few Squirrels, in fact, were busy carrying off

the hazel nuts, because their usual supply of shagbarks was short. The hazel nuts themselves showed the mark of autumn in the browning of their frilled covering. nd the catkins that are to make the

the elms too, in sympathy with the hick ories, began to burn on the edges of their leaves, and sickly swamp maples showed a hectic flush two weeks before their time. The woodland wall of the suburbs seemed The woodland wall of the suburbs seemed to the uncritical observer as green as it; the end of August, but when you managed to catch the forest edge in the light of the new risen or the declining sun you saw that a faint tinge of ripening was spread over many of the trees. Lone beeches in The Bronx meadows plainly confessed the hand of autumn.

The Bronx meadows plainly confessed the hand of autumn.

More eloquent yet of change was the aspect of the suburban lawns. They were still green and growing, but if neglected for a day they were seen to be strewn with seared and brittle leaves, the weaklings of the foliage which are the first to yield to subtle atmospheric conditions that have little outward effect upon thoroughly healthy vagetation.

The fields at the same time betrayed the work of autumn. Their brilliant edging of goldenrod and their gorgeous decoration of purple Spanish needles announced the end of summer.

of purple Spanish needles announced the end of summer.
So, too, did the wildly contorted drying and dying leaves of the wild grapes that festoon the fences and hedges. The fox grapes are dead ripe and mostly eaten by birds, and the acrid chicken grapes await the magic touch of the frost which is to convert their flavor into a delicious, teasing and dity.

Even the birds seemed taken by surprise

Even the birds seemed taken by surprise at the sudden coming of autumn. The awkward young robins, with their barred breasts and foolish faces, rose in frightened flocks along with their greedy parents.

Wood thrush and bluebird and brown thrasher had gone. Even the delightful little summer yellow bird, which was feeding on the thistle blossoms a few days ago and flying through the clear air in long rising and falling curves, each punctuated with a musical call, seemed to have found business further south. Only the owl called more than ever at night, and one knew that the strong, harsh, insistent cry of the bluejay would presently be echoing beneath the thinned and thinning thatch of the woodland.

beneath the thinned and thinning thatch of the woodland.

Outdoor breakfasts in the suburbs are now to be had only on bright Sundays, when a late breakfast hour lets in the warm autumn sunshine to the sheltered porch, and outdoor dining is almost a thing of the past. Forehanded suburbans are marking the trees that are to be felled for winter fuel, and there are delightful anticipations of hearth fires at the Sunday morning breakfast when the first sharp frost of October shall give such a luxury the guise of necessity.

llow to Take Care of a Razer.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"The average man who shaves himself doesn't know how to take care of his razor, despite all the advice that has been given to him in the public prints from time to time," says th. A. Helglass, expert barber.

"He will get a good razor and use it day after day, then wonder why at the end of a short time it loses its edge, even though he strops it most carefully. A razor needs brief intervals of rest or it will grow dull, no matter what efforts are made to keep it sharp. If you have a good razor and it appears to be losing its edge, just try a rest for it instead of having it sharpened up again. The chances are that when you put it into use again, at the expiration of three or four days, it will prove as sharp as if it had been carefully honed.

"A man who shaves himself ought to have at least two razors, and use these on alternate mornings: then, if his razors are all right, he will have but little trouble with them. It is also possible to strop a razor too much. It should not be stropped for more than half a minute before shaving, and care should be taken never to bear heavily on the strop while doing this. Let the razor rest lightly on the leather and the best results will be gained. After finishing a shave, strop the razor eone more for a few seconds and this will insure a much better condition for it."

But Like a Skilful General He Turns What Looked Like Defeat Into Victory.

Old man Greenhut came around from behind his bar with much more vigor and speed than might have been expected of a man of his size and apparent age. As he started, he spat in the palm of his right hand, and as he stepped he grasped a bungstarter that lay conveniently at hand.

Raising this bungstarter aloff as he ran around the end of the bar, he shook it in the air with a gesture which might have been construed as threatening, or might have been intended simply as a test of the weight and condition of the implement. It can hardly be said that the half dozen

men who had stood in his way as he moved toward the centre of the room scattered at his approach. They were already scattering when he started, and though none of them moved with so much celerity as he did, none stood still long enough to

Wholly uninterrupted, therefore, he continued along toward the middle of the room where a man stood with his back toward the bar, facing four other men, who were huddled together by the wall, casting eager glances toward the doors and windows, but making no motion toward them. In fact, they made no motion at all, but stood with their hands up in the air.

The man who stood in the middle of the room was a stranger in Arkansas City, but he had been there for three or four days. and the citizens had learned something about him. His name was Dave Harding, and he had a revolver in each hand.

He did not turn his head when he heard Greenhut approaching, but when the old man got within some ten feet of him, he threw his left hand up in the air, and reversing the position of the revolver in it, pointed the weapon directly over his own shoulder and remarked:

"I kin shoot tol'able straight back'ards with my left hand."

Old man Greenhut stopped as suddenly as he had started, and though he still shook the bungstarter, holding it aloft as before, he shook it with a different sort of motion It almost seemed as if the shake betokened irresolution. Pausing a moment, he stepped backward

behind the bar and laid the bungstarter down. Then, crouching to a position from which he could drop into total disappearance with a minimum of effort, he ex-"You was makin' some sort of a remark

minute ago, Mr. Harding, but I reckon I didn't quite hear it right. 'Pears like there must be some misunderstanding. What was it you was sayin'?"
"I said I'd been cheated outer more'r \$200 at draw poker here last night, an'

them four men got it. I wa'n't exactly heeled then, an' I didn't reckon on lettin 'em get the drop on me. Now I've come back for it, an' I've got the drop on them." 'Pears like you was right about that said old man Greenhut, "but that other observation o' yourn is a tol'able

ser'ous charge. Stands to reason 't Joe Bassett an' Jake Winterbot--" "If that two hundred an' forty dollars in't laid on this table right here inside o' half a minute, there'll be shootin' did," said the stranger. "An' I've got a knife in my boot, if there's anybody left 'round when

"Well," said old man Greenhut, with a sigh, "there ain't no use to argue with onreasonable man that has the drop. I'll put up the money, ruther'n see the town disgraced by a shootin' scrape.

them two guns is empty."

"Count it out, here, quick," said the stranger, and accordingly Greenhut went to the table and counted out twelve twenty

Putting his left hand pistol in his belt, the stranger picked up the money, and keeping his other gun still trained, he backed swiftly out of the saloon without a word and walked up the street. Nothing was said for some minutes by

the five men who remained, but their looks were elequent. Greenhut had gone behind the bar again and picked up the bungstarter. Looking at it sorrowfully he poised it, shook it, struck a couple of gentle taps with it on the bar and laid it down with a deep sigh.

"There is great advantages about a bung-starter," he said, at length, "an' then again there's disadvantages. A man c'n reac further with it nor he can with a knife, 'thouten he throws knives, an' that ain't no good way, 'thouten he's been eddicated good an' abundant in throwin' of 'em. Then again 'tain't so all fired sudden

"As a general thing, it's a big advantage o a man sometimes to be sudden if so be he's goin' to be into a fight. But, then, again, there is times when it's good for to have just a minute for reflection.

"If I was to have had a gun handy just now, when that yap f'm up the river was makin' a disturbance, an' if I was to have let fly at him with that, same as I was thinkin' o' doin' with the tungstarter, we'd 'a' had a gory corp on the floor, with no end of a muse to wash up, an' all the fuss an' bother an' expense of a inquest a'terwards, to say nothin' of a subscription to bury the corp. The bar receipts wouldn't a' covered the outlay, an' the trouble'd a' fell on me.

" 'Pears like two forty was a tol'able good price t'pay for a little peace an' quiet in the house, but 'twan't no total loss, takin' things all in all. So, I reckon t'wan't altogether a unmixed calamity 't I should ha' paused just a moment to reflect, which I wouldn't 'a' been no ways likely to 'a' did if I'd kep' a gun back here, 'stead of a bungstarter.

"But the thing that's give me real pain in this little matter is 't you fellers sh'd 'a' did me up the way you did bilkin' the kitty last night. You know very well the kitty gets half when there's a sucker in the

"How d' you reckon I'm goin' to git recompensed f'r the strain you put on my conscience every time you take in a yap like that an' play crooked poker in my hous? 'thouten I gits half? More'n than, what do you all suppose I'm p'vidin' you with op-portunities for, an' teachin' you all the fine p'ints o' the game? You don't reckon I'm

"I ain't a sayin' I'm disapp'inted. Mebt e I hain't got no right to look for nothin' class f'm a set o' lowdown crossroads gamblers that don't know no better'n to get caught cheatin' a yap f'm up the river that hadn't no more'n two-fort, in his clo'es. But what I am is sore, I sure am

"Now, just look at what you've did. Here was two hundred an' forty took in last night an' there was a hundred an' twenty of it comin' to me by rights.' Twan't honest of you to tell me you on'y took a hundred, an' put me off with fifty for my share.

"I say, 'twan't honest. An' what's more, I won't have no man 'round my place 'tain't bonest. West you has to do, an' do

it right quick, is to hand over that seventy dollars 't you done me out of.

questioningly. They had not undertaken president Roosevelt to answer a word to the old man's tirade. Endorses Jiu-Jitsu.

THE YABE SCHOOL OF JU-JITSU.

Adapted by the Strenuous in Washington as a Popular Pastime-How the Art is Practised.

The Jiu-Jitsu crase has struck Washington, and President Roosevelt is practising the Japanese system of physical training daily in the White House, says a New York paper. Jiu-Jitsu, under the influence of the President's example, has become the popular fad at the Capital. A number of society women are taking lessons in the art. Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth devotes many hours to it, and recommends it to the smart set. secretary Loro has also been taking lessons and frequently indulges in this recreation with the President, who finds it a most accessible form of exercise.

There is little satisfaction for Secretary Loeb in a test of strength with the President, for Mr. Roosevelt is a good deal heavier than his opponent and much more muscular. Mr. Roosevelt through persistent practice has become an expert in Jiu-Jitsu. As told in the news dispatches several days ago, he is anxious to have the art introduced ato the course of physical training at the Naval Academy. Jiu-Jitsu can be practised in an ordinary room with no apparatus, but the President usually takes his exercise in a large room in the basement of the White House.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle and tissue, and strengthens every organ in the human body. The Japanese, although small of stature, have the most perfect physical development of any nationality, and they owe their wonderful strength and power of endurance solely to the persistent practice of this science.

As a means of self-defense, Jiu-Jitsu is as potent it short range as the most deadly weapon that human ingenuity has devised. There are over three hundred effective methods known to the art for disposing of an assailant. The science includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy and the vulnerable points in the human body, thus enabling a man to break the arm, leg or neck of a dangerous antagonist. When once a person skilled n the art of Jiu-Jitsu effects one of its "holds" it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer for by a simple pressure exerted at a vulnerable

point he is rendered momentarily helpless Like the lost art of the ancient Egyptians, Jiu-Jissu, up to the present time, has baffled all who sought to learn its secrets. By an imperial edict its masters were not allowed to teach it outside the confines of the Japanese nation, but the friencly feeling existing between Japan and this country has been instrumental in bringing Jiu-Jitsu from its obscurity of oath-bound secreey, and all the secrets of the art will now be given to the world. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu

school, who has been the most successful Jiu Jitsu teacher in all Japan, has been delegated to give instruction in the science to Americans. He has just written an intensely interesting and valuable book which explains the principles of this wonderful science, and which will be sent free to interested persons, together with the first lesson matured. Just how it was carried out was in the art. The book is fully illustrated, and de-scribes the evolution of the science of Jiu-Jissu never known outside the walls of the hotel during the past two thousand years. It tells about a system of exercises by which a man may become as strong as he likes without artificial means. The sample lesson is also fully illustrated with half-tone engravings and explains one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing

of a dangerous antagonist.

So long as the edition lasts this book, together with the first lesson in Jiu-Jitsu, will be sent absolutely free to all readers of this paper who will ask for it. Address The Yabe Echool of Jiu-Jitsu, Rochester, New York. Never before have all the secrets of this wonderful science been fully explained to Western people. over, an' then the seventy I pulled out of em. Then there was the two forty they plained to Western people.

> THE DOCK WALLOPER IN TOWN. He Is Comparatively New Here and Cor-

responds to the Roustabout. The piers of the North and East rivers at which coast line steamers discharge and receive freight resemble the levees of the lower Mississippi River and the Missouri COURT WAITED FOR A SCRAP.

them is seen the dock walloper The negro dock walloper is the antithesis of the colored sport, or the colored man in easier circumstances. He is the roust-

about of steamboat life, ashore. He is a comparatively new factor in New York. That is, he is more numerous than formerly. The decadence of steamboating in Western and Southern waters is re-

me for all the trouble I had in getting to the sponsible for his migration to this city. But the city has not changed his lounging gait, his serio-comic character, or his loose and usually ragged make-up. Of course, his calling would not permit him to dress well, but aside from this, if one got a new hat he would not be happy until it fell into a mudhole, or a break smashed in the crown. The best negro impersonators in burnt cork get their manners and make-up from

the type that is seen about the docks of the coastwise steamers. A new feature in this life in New York is the old negro woman who serves the dock wallopers with food. She is the typical negro woman of the cotton field and the

plantation of the South. One seen in South street the other day wore a linsey frock and a red and yellow bandanna tied over her head. Her outfit consisted of a big coffee pot, a kettle, tin

consisted of a big coffee pot, a kettle, tin platters and cups, iron knives and forks, and big pewter spoons.

She kindled a blaze close to the slip and warmed up the contents of the kettle and the coffee. Wrile she busied herself she hummed an old plantation melody. Negroes work better when they sing.

A bunch of fifteen or twenty dock wallopers stood or leunged about a lot of cotton bales waiting for the old woman to serve her provender. One stretched himself on a bale and slept and snored. Several others sat upon the stone street paving.

The only thing in the picture which looked out of place was the cigarette habit. The

at upon the stone street paving.

The only thing in the picture which looked out of place was the cigarette habit. The real Southern negro was never addicted to such smokes. The little brown pipe or the cob was what he liked. But the New York dock walloper has become citified to the extent of the cigarette.

While the cook was stirring her big pot a steamer from Havana arrived. The cook served her broth with a chunk of black bread—something new to negro laborers, who, in the South, knew only the corn pone. But the old cook said she couldn't make corn pone in New York. Her customers fell to on whatever she handed out. Some paid, to others she gave credit. She said she knew which ones to trust.

"Dey dassent fool me," she said. "I nebber had none ob dese coons try to bename."

But if one should?" she was asked

"But if one should?" she was asked.
"Den de pat-rol tend to dar cases."
To all Southern negroes the officer of the law is a pat-rol. The title goes back to the time when negroes in the hempwalk and on the plantations had to turn in at a certain hour. If caught out after that the pat-rol gave them a drubbing.
The Cuban steamer was in her berth by the time the meal of the dock wallopers was finished, and they lined up for orders.
The old cook threw her utensils together,

The old cook threw her utensils together, counted her money, lighted her pipe and smoked. Then she leaned against a cotton bale and went to sleep.

A policeman on the beat said she would lounge about the pier to see if she could get up another meal, and then she would

get up another meal, and then she would pack her traps and go to the loft where she lived, a few blocks up the street. "Where do her customers sleep?"
"All over. One of these coons lives in
Jersey City. When the nights are warm

some of them sleep on the docks, or on the cotton bales, anywhere that night over-takes them. Most of them are newcomers

**TEAYO** LONG LOST CITY **FOUND** 

ican People Discovered clusion of their sacrificial ceremonies consisted in casting the bodies of the victims

into the hole which penetrated the tower from top to bottom and connected with the subterranean passageways. A great part of this hole is still in perfect condition, and the proximity of its mouth to the sacrificial altar indicates what its purpose was. At the bottom of the hole attendants of the priests disposed of the remains of the sacrificed.

The sculptures show that the Otomites of antiquity pertained more nearly to the white race than to the Indian, or chocolate colored. The faces have features a gree deal less Indian in type than those of statues found in the Maya ruins of Yucatan. All the figures show craniums rounded and full, indicating ample brain develop-

While the foreheads do not manifest by height any very lofty thinking, by breadth in conjunction with the width of the temples, they impress one with the quickness of perception and the slowness of judge ment of the race. In shape the eyes re semble those of Caucasians more than of the Hindoos, in this particular differing radically from those of the Aztecs and rel atively from those of the Mayas. travel made the journey one of many hard-The cheekbones do not bulge prominently. It is, however, the nose which prc-

claims, more than any other feature of the sculptured Otomite faces, the racial superi ority of this people over contemporary The Otomite nose was straight, like that of the Romans, to the point, from which the nostrils, of little less than ordinary thickness, sloped upward slightly, but plainly. If the point had been brought

forward and upward a little the nose would have been perfectly Roman. The mouths of the ancient Otomites were smaller and better formed than those of the Aztecs and Mayas. It is only in the jaws, whose excessive development indicates that brutal determination which characterized the two other dominant races of Mexico, that any trait of inferiority is to be noted, and it is very much less remarkable than that evidenced by the rulers of Anahuac and Yucatan.

Their descendants living to-day in Teayo are among the fairest of Mexican natives The Yaquis and Mayas of the State of Sonors alone are of lighter complexion, and the Mayas of Yucatan form no more than a link between the living Otomites and the Mexicans, being only a few shades lighter than the latter. Ctomites as dark as Mexicans are very exceptional, indeed. Moreover, it is almost

certain that the Otomites of modern times

have been losing their lightness of skin

There are many reasons for believing that

the Otomi'es were alli'd to the white race.

because of contact with neighboring Mexi-Modern Otomites have many commendable qualities. They are lovers of work, cultivating the land assiduously, working at wood and making many useful articles for the household and the person. Although there are less than 200 of them living in Teayo, they keep the place in better sanitary condition than most Mexican towns of 2,000

inhabitants.

On the other hand, they have for centuries carried on a savage warfare with the Mexicans, which has ceased now only on account of their approaching extinction. They hav been guilty of the worst atrocities. In 1806 they swooped down upon towns

tants indiscriminately. Such was the terror which they inspired that the Mexicans abandoned many villages near their settle-Captives taken by Otomites to Teayo wer tortured to death. They were burned, flayed

and mutilated. No captives ever returned

at dead of night and murdered the inhabi-

to tell the tale of their treatment. The dwindling and disappearing Teayo which now has scarcely enough inhabitants to defend it against the Mexicans is bound to be the resort of the archæologists and ethnologists of Mexico in the next few years. As it is said to have had a population of 500, 000 in the days of its glory, being as large as the City of Mexico, it may yield up sculptures and other relics of the past in great numbers. The discovery of Teayo practi-

cally opens up a new world of speculation. SHOW OF THE MEADOWS. Miles of Rich Green With Acres of Wild

Flowers Displayed There. People who think of the Hackensack Meadows only as a noisome mosquito breeding swamp should make the trip across them at this season. They will find that they possess marvellous scenic beauty. The meadow grass has grown to its full

height and mowing has only begun, so that the waving fields of green extend for miles in all directions. The frequent rains of the summer have not only caused an unusually luxuriant growth, but by keeping the roads in hard condition have prevented the marring of the foreground by the sheet of gray dust which in the dry season covers the vegetation for 250 yards on each side of the macadam strips which run from Jersey City Heights to Newark.

One beautiful feature of the meadows when seen from any point of vantage is the maze of watercourses that intersect them. The Hackensack itself cuts through them like a shining band and innumerable creeks that glitter like silver between their green banks flow into it.

From the Hudson County Boulevard which overlooks the meadows for nearly which overlooks the meadows for nearly ten miles, the panorama is startlingly boauti-ful and impressive on a bright day. Beyond the broad expanse of green lies the city of Newark on rising ground. Its roofs and chimneys give a broken sky line, and the haze produced by the smoke of its thousands of houses and factories takes on warm purple hues in the declining sun-light.

Every mile of the road gives the picture a new aspect and each one seems more beautiful than the other. Even the network of railway lines becomes an artistic ac-

the scene.

But it is not only when viewed from a distant height that the meadows are beautiful. At close range the great patches of wild flowers that are scattered through the grass produce delightful color elects.

Masses of buttercups may be seen as big as a city lot and often an acre of thistle in mingled gray and violet shades. Hundreds of other blossoms, purple, pink, white and yellow, are scattered singly through the grass.

Aztecs in the sacrifice of human beings to the gods. That human sacrifices were made there is no doubt, as many an underground chamber filled with the skeletons of victims will attest.

In one way the Otomites of old differed from the Mayas and Aztecs. The conformal properties in the sacrifices were day and bring home basketsful of flowers. The moth hunters, too, brave the mesquitoes in considerable numbers, and some of them say that for beauty and variety of the game that comes to their nets there is no place within fifty miles of New York equal to the Jersey meadows.

AFTER DEFEAT AT THE POLLS

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BEATEN

FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

When Informed of the Result-Contrast of Blaine and Henry Clay. The question has often been asked, How

be elected in November; the others must be defeated. How will the vanquished accept their defeat? In many instances our Presidents have

These men seemed to accept both victory and defeat with philosophy. In other countries an unsuccessful dash for a throne

courrence once in every four years.

oition are known to every American.

day of your self-immolation. If you have an enemy, he may go and feed his eyes on the scene. Your former friend will shun the affecting spectacle."

to disturb him, as the news of the result could wait till the next morning. At daylight he awoke and, turning to his

"That is all right," he answered, "I can stand it." And in another moment he was asleep

"What I can do in Washington with dignity I will do. I do not expect to be in advance of, or follow, the triumphal car, either on foot or on horseback. I only expect to do my level best. I wonder how they did these things in Rome? When I return from Washington I can tell you how the

James G. Blaine, and yet he managed to accept his fate with better grace than Henry It was in the convention of 1976 that Ingersoll made his famous "Plumed Knight"

gratulation to Hayes and assuring him that When Blaine did receive the nomination he was confident of his election. His defeat must have been a severe disappointment; but if it was, he controlled his feelings very successfully. The day following

"Our special misfortune was the loss of both New Jersey and Connecticut. I class them both as easily preventable accidents. I was not sustained in the canvass by many who had personally a far greater

ill-natured if I keep on. I am not, and feel as placid as a summer's day.

mind, and by his death.

ful candidate to be.

were not counted for him, but for Cleve-land. He said once:

ALD MAN GREENHUT IS DISAPPOINTED.

The four men looked at one another It seemed as if they had been so over come with mortification at having been held up by a single individual that they

had not the spirit to resent these further indignities. But there was also considerable surprise manifested in their appearance at what seemed to be the great moderation of Greenhut's demand. After exchangin glances for a moment, they dug down in their pockets and each produced seven-teen dollars and a half. Then the money was handed over, still without the utter

ance of a word by any one of the four. After the old man had counted it careully and put it in his pocket, he said: Well, I reckon that squares us up to last night. O' course, I can't never t Ic'n rely on none o' ye hereafter when comes to a p'int of honor, but mebbe ye'll remember 't you o'n al'ys be sure your sin is goin' to find ye out, like the good book says, an' if your sin don't, Green-

nut will, an' that'll be wuss for ye. "But now there's another matter. What about that two forty I just put up for ye, to save ye f'm the gun o' that there desperade 't had ye foul? I want ye to make hat good, right now."

This was a facer, and the four men mused ndignantly. No one seemed inclined, how ever, to speak first, but at length Joe "Now look a here, Greenhut, that's

rubbin' it in. You put up the two forty

all right. We can't dispute that. Bu you've got half of it in your pocket. We'll put up the other half if you say we must, "Half, nothin'," said Greenhut, promptly That's another matter altogether. I got my own half o' the wad he lost, but that's got nothin' to do with the two forty I just

put up five minutes ago to save you all f'm destruction. I want that back, An' I want it sudden Then followed a long and angry discussion, but the old man was firm, and after some borrowing from one another the four men, now thoroughly demoralized, produced the

required amount and handed it over.

Joe thought he couldn't.

"Now." said the old man, after that matter had been settled, "Here is this outlaw goin' out o' town with \$240 of the town's available sapital. What's to be did? course, you're Sheriff, Joe, an' you c'n lock him up, but that don't say't you c'n make him give up the money, legal. I d'know's you kin, kin you?

"Well, then, the way is to get him into a game o' poker again. O' course, 'taint likely 't he'll set in with you four, but if you c'n get arybody to rope him in. I'll have four players ready for him in a room up to the hotel to-night. An' they won't, be no farmers, neither, what's goin' to get caught cheatin' by a jayhawk firm up the river. What do you say?" Then there was another consultation,

room, but the next morning old man Greenhut sat counting a large roll of money "Lessee," he soliloquized. "I put \$240, an' ten for the room an' drinks. what have I got back? "First there was the fifty the boys handed

and after much discussion a plan was

had to give up for decency's sake, bein' afeared I wouldn't let 'em play here no "An' now here's my half o' the play last

night-a hundred an' twelve. 'Pears like was risin' two thirty to the good. "Draw poker is a all-fired good game if you know how to play it, but there's more ways o' doin' that nor to set into the game an' do the work an' take the chances. An' I don't know but a bungstarter is better'n a gun most any time, even if it don't work so

Judge Has Witness Punish Spectator Who Called Him a Liar. "The practice of law in the country may not be so lucrative as in the big city, but it is vastly more amusing," said a lawyer of prominence up in Senator Platt's home town, Owego. "One experience rewarded

scene of the trial. "The case was going along smoothly and was examining an important witness when from the rear of the crowded courtroom this remark was interjected in a loud

"That man's a liar."

"I hesitated a moment, expecting the Judge, a bluff country jurist, to take some action. He said nothing, so I continued to question the man on the stand.

"Presently came another outburst from the voice in the crowd. It was to the effect that the witness had no truth in his make-up and his story was an offence against justice. Still the Court said not a word.

"Feeling that it was up to me to do something, I asked the Judge to have the person who dared to interrupt the proceedings committed for contempt. The Judge leaned over to me and whispered:

"I'd do it, counseller, but I don't know how to draw the papers."

"I'd do it, counsellor, but I don't know how to draw the papers."

"The Court may have been weak on law, but he was strong on human nature. He pondered a moment and then turned to the witness, who was a big, chap.

"'Do you know who it was that called you a liar?' he asked.

"'I do, your Honor,' said the witness.

"'Can you lick him?' the Court queried.

"'That's what I can."

"Then you go and do it,' ordered his Honor. 'This court is adjourned for fifteen minutes until this little matter of court etiquette is adjusted. quette is adjusted.

quette is adjusted."

"The witness left the chair, singled out a pugnacious looking but under sized man in the crowd, grabbed him by the collar and yanked him out into the sunlight. In five minutes the witness was back, slightly ruffled in his appearance, but smiling broadly. He resumed his place on the stand, the Judge rapped for order, and the trial of the case went on.

"There were no more interruptions."



me that five you berround."
"Well, if you're satisfied, I am."